

"MAY I BE THERE TO SEE!"



There is a chance for a number of young men and young women to earn part of their expenses during the Fall Term. Apply at once to Pres. Frost.

# THE CITIZEN.

Move to Berea and make a home. Good lots for sale cheap.

Circulation, 1000

An Independent Weekly.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50 c a Year

VOL. II.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1900.

NO. 10.

## THE CITIZEN

C. REXFORD RAYMOND, Editor.

Entered at the Post office at Berea, Ky., as second class mail matter.

Knowledge is power.  
Where there's a will there's a way.  
Love is the fulfilling of the Law—Jesus Christ.  
It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is a disgrace to be poor.

### What To Talk About.

Two topics. The world is sad enough. With our eyes. No such beauty, though. Look at the faces that are gloomy and clear. And speak of these to rest the weary on. To earth so hard to one who knows the strain of human discontent and fight and pain.  
Talk home. The world is sad enough. With our eyes. No such beauty, though. Look at the faces that are gloomy and clear. And speak of these to rest the weary on. To earth so hard to one who knows the strain of human discontent and fight and pain.  
Talk home. The world is sad enough. With our eyes. No such beauty, though. Look at the faces that are gloomy and clear. And speak of these to rest the weary on. To earth so hard to one who knows the strain of human discontent and fight and pain.



C. REXFORD RAYMOND.

We take this opportunity when Raymond is away visiting friends in the mountains to publish his picture. He looks a bit older than this picture now—now that he is married. There are hundreds of young people who are glad to see that friendly face.

The CITIZEN calls at many new homes this week. We hope you will all give to him to call again by sending in your subscription. It is only fifty cents a year, less than one cent a week. Your neighbors are taking the paper and you cannot afford to be left behind.

Send half a dollar postal order directed to The CITIZEN, Berea, Ky. Every new subscriber will receive a premium of a beautiful colored picture, or a book of Moody's sermons. These premiums will not last long. Send now.

The time to begin school is at the opening of the Fall Term of Berea College, Sept. 12.

Repeat the Goebel Election Law, and rebuke the men that made it.

### FOREIGN.

American exhibitions received 1981 awards at the Paris exposition.

England is arranging to recall Lord Roberts from the Transvaal in October, announcing that the war is over.

Men arrested at Leipzig, August 17, for conspiracy to kill King Albert of Saxony, confessed that he was appointed by lot to do the deed, but his courage failed.

### NATIONAL.

Severe drought in Kansas destroys almost all of the corn crop.

Census shows the population of Greater New York to be over 2,000,000.

Fourteen immigrants detained in New York city under suspicion of being anarchists and in a conspiracy to kill President McKinley.

Roberts, of Utah, the Mormon or "Latter Day Saint," who was excluded from congress, is being presented for following his false religion in having more than one wife.

### KENTUCKY.

Natural gas found at Mt. Sterling. Brown democrats met in Louisville Friday and gave Verkes their support for governor.

Hon. J. W. C. Beckham refuses to take part in joint debate with Mr. Verkes, saying that the duties of his office forbid.

Caleb Powers, ex secretary of State, of Kentucky, is found guilty of complicity in the murder of Goebel and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The conviction is regarded as a perversion of justice.

The colored people must pay more attention to the evils which exist among them, which they can themselves cure. They can diminish their poverty. They can diminish their ignorance.

No matter how mean a white man may be to me, he shall not make me feel mean or act mean to ward him.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

### Locals and Personals.

W. F. Kidd is in Estill county. Town board meeting Thursday. Pike.

Ernest Hardin, of Garrard is in town.

Rev. John G. Fee left Monday for Camp Nelson.

Miss Nannie Bales, of Christian county, is at A. P. Settle's.

Mrs. Lizzie Garret, of Richmond, is with the family of S. C. Lewis.

Misses Ida Azbill and Ella Chasteen have returned from Lexington.

Mrs. Elbridge Hardin, who has been ill for some time is improving rapidly.

T. A. Robinson returned from Cincinnati Tuesday, where he has been buying goods.

A. J. Elder contemplates putting up a number of houses in the Elder addition for rent.

Mr. Wilgus and Miss Maud Richardson, of Station Camp, are with the Messes Richardson.

Gertr. Kluma has returned from Baltimore, and is at the head of the Students' Job work in the printing office.

The wheel club, with Mr. Lockwick as President, organized Monday night and made a run around the little horn.

Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild have returned from Oberlin, O. Dr. Fairchild preached at the Union church Sunday morning.

Rev. H. J. Derthick filled the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday evening. He is now at Carlisle, Ky., attending the State board meeting.

J. M. Bengo, J. M. Hart, J. H. W. R., and B. H. Hubbard, A. W. and Louis Titus were at Richmond Monday attending the Republican convention.

Rev. Wm. Lockwick has spent some time in profitable study at Chicago, and returned with his family last Wednesday.

Joshua Buggette and S. C. Lewis are in Cincinnati superintending work on the planing mill engine which is being repaired.

Pres. Frost will preach at State Lick next Sunday at 2:30, and at Desputants the first Sunday in September at 3 p. m.

The stock exhibit at the Berea fair Friday and Saturday was very fine. We wish this fair could be made more orderly, and more profitable to the people. An agricultural address would be a good feature.

Bicknell & Early are adding a new addition to their store in which they will place brick and tile. They have also secured all the available hay in the country and began baling yesterday.

Prof. S. C. Mason, who has been in Europe several months, observing the management of forests and farms, returned yesterday. Such an instructor will add to the wealth of all the land owners of this region.

### Madison County.

Hon. W. B. Smith will deliver an address at Memphis, Saturday to the Glade Democratic Club.

The Republicans at Richmond Monday nominated Dr. John M. Wilbans, of Mt. Vernon, Ky., for congress.

The Madison county pension board has been reorganized with Dr. Phil Roberts, president, Dr. J. W. Harris, treasurer, and Dr. J. A. Gwynn, secretary.

Alliance, Neb., Aug. 19. [Special to C. I.]—B. C. Richardson was fatally wounded by a man named Cline this morning. Cline is a strolling musician and had been playing in company with a woman in Richardson's saloon.

There were only four applicants for teachers' certificates last Friday and Saturday as follows: Miss Stella Templeman, J. B. Million, Richmond; Miss Sallie Chrisman, Pinola; Miss Oey B. Ellison, Mole.



FAIRBANKS' HALL.

Berea College has 14 Buildings.

### Why You Should Attend Berea College This Fall.

The first reason is that you want to see a little of what is going on outside your own county. No doubt your county is a good one, and you have the right to love it. But God never put all the good things into one place.

At Berea, with its great library, its expensive scientific apparatus, and its thirty or more teachers from the best schools of the East and West, as well as its throngs of students from many

different counties and different states at Berea you will see and learn many of the best things gathered from the whole world.

The next reason is that every teacher at Berea will be your true friend.

They will not treat you like a stranger. Look at the friendly faces that appear in this paper. Do you not want to have wise, kind friends like these?

The third reason is that you need more education in order to succeed



SLAVE BORN AND FREE BORN.

## A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Spring and Summer Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made

## CLOTHING!

We are prepared to cloth you with the lowest price, high quality, absolutely all work clothing in America. Rightly made as it is of famous "Vibros" brand the only ready to wear clothing Tailored on a scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear resisting because the inside, the Voids, the very life of the garment, is cleanliness in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the ordinary ready to wear clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature of our clothing is that we can and do sell our clothing at

## LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans. Our clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power, the lower our prices, that's the story in a nutshell.

## COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

in life, and you can get it best and quickest at Berea. You ought to make a plan at once to make a true success of your life. It is very easy, as President Frost says, to aim at nothing and hit it! But you want to aim at something, and at something good and satisfying.

Do you want to be a teacher? It is more difficult every year to get a good school, but the Berea students in all the counties have the best certificates, and have the best schools. Take the Normal Course.

Do you want to be a Carpenter or a Printer? These trades are taught at Berea, and the boys who have had even a little training in the use of tools have all the work they want, while others are idle.

Are you a young lady who wishes to earn a little money? If you do not want to teach—and a teacher has work only part of the year—why not take the training in the Care of the Sick, in the Berea Hospital? A girl who has this training can be sure of earning several dollars a week the year around, and have the satisfaction of doing a great deal of good.

Another way for girls to earn money is by teaching music. A few terms at Berea, if you have a taste for music, will enable you to give lessons to the neighbor girls at home.

And everyone wishes to have the best kind of a home. The instruction at Berea in sewing, dress-making, cooking, gardening, care of stock, care of wood-land, and all such things will help you right along toward having a better home. You think you know enough about some of these things, but there is a great deal still to be learned. Is there any danger that you will know too much about these things?

And a little education opens the door for many higher pleasures which you can never have without the education. Do you not desire to know about the lives of great men, the history of our country, the discoveries of Science, and the meaning of the Sacred Scriptures? When one has studied these things with good teachers he has better things to think about all his life.

And the fall is the time to begin. Many young people have long ago learned all they can learn in the free school and are just wasting their time there. Others for various reasons are not attending the public school. And in any case one can progress much faster in Berea. Why should you let the fall pass without improvement? More and more young people are coming to Berea in the fall. Why should you not make the most of yourself? This fall term, if you come promptly and study faithfully, will change your whole life for the better.

Ballard's Snow Liment gives instant relief in cases of Bleeding, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Cuts, etc. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

**WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUCE!**  
For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies.  
Prepared by—**JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.**  
Sold by S. E. WELCH, Jr.

**FOR CASH**  
Having adopted The CASH System, our prices have been reduced to meet the demands of the CASH trade. You can buy more goods for CASH than on credit.  
Call and examine our large stock of Women and Men's fine Footwear and Gent's Furnishings at prices much lower than ever before.  
Call and be Convinced.  
**DOUGLAS, BRIGHT & CO.**  
207 West Main Street. RICHMOND, KY.  
"MAY I BE THERE TO SEE!"



# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HEREA. KENTUCKY

Brain workers, according to statisticians which have been published recently, are long lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women of the present century were taken, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty-eight years and eight months.

A beggar's league in St. Petersburg mutilates children and cripples them to arouse sympathy from the benevolent when they are sent to beg in public places. The chief of this gang, who is a wealthy man and has posed as a philanthropist, receives 75 per cent. of the money begged by the unfortunate.

Each of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire is ruled by a governor or governor general, who is responsible to the emperor for the entire administration, political, judicial, military and fiscal. Each province is subdivided into departments ruled by prefects, and each department into districts, each with a distinct ruler.

Gen. Collinson has calculated that on 50,000 tons of shipping, 30,000 men, 5,000 horses and 700 wagons can be transported, while Lord Wolseley reckons on 150,000 tons being necessary for the transport of 100,000 men, Admiral Morin, however, estimates that 40,000 tons of shipping will be needed for a division of 9,000 men, 800 horses and 120 wagons.

The pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but his pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, which is believed to come from the wing of a dove, although persons who have seen it say it must have come from a larger bird. The same quill has been in use more than 10 years. It only serves for important signatures and is kept in an ivory case.

Lightning on the Fourth of July destroyed a barn in Frederick Township, near Pottsville, Pa., that was built in 1740, and has been famous in local history since the Revolution. The farm on which it was then located was owned by Col. Frederick Aules, and Gen. Washington, with his headquarters there during the encampment at Pottsgrove.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 125 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

According to the latest studies of Prof. De Sanctis, of Turin, children begin to dream before their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams before the age of 5. This age, he concludes, is that at which a child first becomes instinctively conscious of self. Aged people dream less frequently and less vividly than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid and better remembered than those of men.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to itself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind foot—the thousands on the near hind foot and the nicks, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8354, will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called a "Veterinary History Sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.

A German scientist with all kinds of knobs on his head has discovered that yawning is a healthy pastime. It is wholesome, like oatmeal and brown bread. Yawning, it is said, stretches the muscles of the brain, sends the blood to the jaws and sharpens the appetite and intellect. It is a cheap remedy, accessible to young and old, rich and poor, and if it is as efficacious as our Tanton says, path is surely within the reach of everyone in this country.

The medical work of the mission has been a great and admitted boon to the Chinese, who have accepted it gratefully. In 1890 there were no fewer than 195 hospitals, largely staffed by medical women, and they attended in that year actually 348,400 Chinese patients, both giving medical treatment and performing the operations that restore ease to the tortured, give sight to the blind and open new life to the dying. So highly was this secular work appreciated that many wealthy Chinese had made large donations.

The most lonely highlands of our National territory are the sparsely wooded Sierras of Western New Mexico. The plank of the wood cutter's ax echoes through the steep gorges of the European Alps and Southern Alleghenies, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marmot is the only habitation of these solitudes, and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare.

## WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;  
We two find joy in every kind of weather.  
Or if the earth is clothed in blossom snow,  
It summer days, winter, or black winter snow.

What matter is it, if we two are together?  
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banners of the plainest fare;  
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure.

We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,  
And with smiles the set lines of despair.

For us life always moves with living measure.  
We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two that youth renewed with every dawn;  
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.

We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;  
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on.

And thrums upon his harp new song or story.  
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;  
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.

We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth;  
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.

Our paths lead closely by the paths eternal.  
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 19th Century.

## THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EUGAR MORETTE.  
Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

### CHAPTER IX.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER BANK.**  
Richard Dunlap was a man who had never missed a train nor been late in keeping an appointment. On the morning following Sprague's dinner party, he walked briskly down Broadway from City Hall. It was New Year's day; the great thoroughfare was deserted. As he turned into Wall street, the hands of the clock in Trinity temple pointed to three minutes of nine. The financier pulled out his chronometer, found that the clock in the old belfry was right, and quickened his pace.

Wall street slumbered peacefully and silently like a battlefield after the roar of the cannon has been hushed, after the victors and the vanquished have disappeared, leaving behind them only the ghosts of the slain. The deathlike stillness was oppressive.

At last, as Dunlap reached the Knickerbocker bank, the clock in the belfry struck the hour. The reporter uttered an ejaculation of annoyance. He looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. He resolved to give Sturgis five minutes' grace, and began to pace back and forth before the entrance to the bank. Then a thought struck him. There was another entrance on Exchange place—that generally used by the employees and others. Perhaps the reporter was waiting there. Dunlap walked around to Exchange place and glanced up the street. He saw a man standing in the gutter and bending low over the curb. Dunlap advanced to obtain a front view of him and recognized Sturgis. The reporter had not noticed his approach; he held a magnifying glass in his hand and seemed deeply interested in a minute examination of the smooth-worn curb.

"Good morning, Mr. Sturgis," said the banker, "have you lost something?"  
The reporter looked up quickly.  
"No, Mr. Dunlap; I have found something—something which may possibly prove to be a hyphen."  
"A what?" asked the banker, perplexed.

"A hyphen connecting two parts of a very pretty puzzle."

Dunlap stared curiously at the curb. "I can see nothing there," said he. Sturgis handed him the magnifying glass.

"Now look again."

He pointed out a particular portion of the curb. Dunlap looked in the direction indicated.

"I see what looks like dried mud, dust particles, and a little dark spot or stain."

"Yes," said Sturgis, "that dark spot is the hyphen. There were probably others like it on the sidewalk yesterday afternoon, but they have been obliterated by the pedestrians. Here, however, are some that have remained."

As he spoke, he led Dunlap to the Exchange place entrance of the bank, and pointed out a number of similar spots on the stone steps.

"Fortunately," he said, as if speaking to himself, "fortunately the detectives entered through the front door last night so that they did not interfere with this portion of the trail."

"But what are these spots?" asked the banker.

"They are blood-stains," replied the reporter. "I have every reason to believe them to be human blood. But that question I can settle positively as soon as we are in the bank, for I have brought a powerful microscope. Let us enter now, if you like; I have seen all there is to be seen outside. By the way, do you know this key?"

He held up a large steel key of complicated structure.

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, surprised, "that looks like the key to the Exchange place door. Where did you find it?"

"Let us enter by the Wall street side, if you please."  
A couple of minutes later the outer door of the Knickerbocker bank was unlocked.

"Excuse me if I pass in first," said Sturgis, entering. "I wish to see something here."

He bent low over the tiled entrance, with the magnifying glass in his hand. "It is too bad," he muttered to himself presently. "They have trodden all over the trail here. Ah! what is this?"

"What?" inquired Dunlap.

The reporter vouchsafed no reply to this question, but asked another.

"Is Thursday a general 'cleaning day' at the bank?"

"Yes," answered the banker. "Every evening, after the closing hour, the floors are swept, of course, and the desks are dusted; but Mondays and Thursdays are reserved for washing the windows, scrubbing the floors, and so forth."

"Then it is lucky that yesterday was Thursday," observed Sturgis. "Will you please hand me the key to this gate, and that to the inner door?"

Upon entering the bank Sturgis requested his companion to seat himself on a particular chair, which he designated. He then began a critical examination of the premises. Inch by inch he scrutinized the walls, the floor, and even the ceiling; sometimes with the naked eye, sometimes through the magnifying glass. He also constantly brought into play a tape measure; and several times he called upon Dunlap for assistance, when the distances to be measured were longer than his reach.

The Wall street entrance of the Knickerbocker bank led directly into the space to which the public was admitted. This space was partitioned off, as usual from the bookkeepers' and cashier's departments. At the farther end a door led to a reception room communicating with the president's office. This office itself opened into the cashier's department on one side, and on the other into a small room occupied by the president's secretary and typewriter, and into the vestibule of the Exchange place entrance to the bank. On the right of the vestibule was a large room in which the bank employees kept their street clothing, and to which they could retire when they were off duty. A door from the clerks' room led into the cashier's department, while another one opened into the private secretary's room.

After he had finished his inspection of the space open to the public, Sturgis, followed by Dunlap, passed into the president's reception room, and thence in turn into the other rooms, and finally into the cashier's and bookkeepers' departments.

Several times he stopped, retraced his footsteps to some particular point and then began his search anew. At times he crawled about on his hands and knees; at others he climbed upon the furniture, the latter to examine some spot upon the wall. In the president's office he stopped to pick up a great number of tiny scraps of paper which lay in and around the waste basket. These he carefully placed in an envelope, which he laid upon the president's table.

On one side of the room there stood a magnificent old-fashioned carved mantelpiece. The artistic beauty of the structure did not seem to strike Sturgis, but he appeared to derive a great deal of satisfaction from an inspection of the large tiled hearth. Presently, removing his coat and his cuffs, he plunged his hand into the grimy chimney and removed a handful of soot, which he examined carefully and then threw away. He repeated the operation again and again, until at last, with evident satisfaction, he picked out a small object, which he deposited in an envelope. Then, after washing his hands in the clerks' room, he passed into the cashier's department. In a corner stood the telephone closet, the door of which was open. The receiver of the instrument was down. The reporter took it up and gazed at it long and earnestly.

Sturgis' examination of the bank must have lasted over two hours. At first Richard Dunlap looked on with a mild curiosity, in which amusement struggled with good-natured skepticism. But as time wore on the banker began to show signs of impatience, and when at last Sturgis returned to the private office and carefully deposited upon a sheet of white paper a miscellaneous assortment of tiny scraps and shreds, the banker could scarcely conceal his dissatisfaction.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "hope you have nearly completed your investigation, for my leisure is not so abundant that I can afford to waste it like this."

"I need one more witness at least," replied the reporter, "and I am afraid I shall have to ask you to help me obtain it."

"But," he quickly added, as he noted Dunlap's impatient gesture, "I think I can promise you that the time you are regretting has not been wasted."

The banker did not seem convinced by this assertion; but he nevertheless consented with an unwilling grace to assist the reporter to the best of his ability.

"Well, then," said Sturgis, "tell me, first of all, whether you keep firearms in the bank."

"Yes," replied Dunlap. "The cashier has a small revolver which he keeps in his desk as a means of defense in case of a sudden attack by a bank thief."

"Have you the key to the desk?"

"Yes," replied the banker.

"Will you kindly see if the revolver you mention is in its place?"

"It ought to be," said Dunlap, picking out the key on a bench which he took from his pocket, and walking towards the cashier's department with Sturgis at his heels.

"Yes, here it is in its accustomed place."

He handed it to the reporter, who examined it attentively.

"Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking for."

"What do you mean?" asked Dunlap. "I mean that this is the revolver which was fired twice last night in the Knickerbocker bank. See for yourself, two of the cartridges are empty, and the weapon has not been cleaned since these shots were fired."

"But who can have fired the pistol, and at whom was it fired, and why?"

"Hold on! hold on!" exclaimed Sturgis, smiling. "One thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon. For the present, if you will come back to your private office, I shall endeavor to piece together the scraps of evidence which I have been able to collect. There, sit down in your own armchair, if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than ten minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

Dunlap was still nervous and impatient; but all trace of amusement and skepticism had vanished from his face, as he took the proffered armchair and watched Sturgis patiently piece together the tiny fragments of paper he had so carefully gathered. When this work was accomplished, the reporter went to the typewriter and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. He next proceeded to examine under the microscope the minute fragments and particles which he had collected in his search.

When he had finished this operation, he leaned back in his chair and looked up into space for what seemed to Dunlap an interminable length of time. Then at last he glanced at the banker, who could hardly contain his growing impatience.

"I am ready to go on now," said Sturgis, reaching for a sheet of paper, upon which he began to draw with ruler and pencil.

"At last!" sighed the banker. "Yes; but my first, as the character says, is a question."

"Another?" gasped Dunlap; "when is my turn to come?"

"Just a few more," replied Sturgis; "and then your turn will come for good."

"Well, out with your questions then, if you must," said Dunlap, seating himself resignedly in his chair.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE END OF THE EVANGELIST.

Sturgis was still busy with his diagram. He spoke without looking up from his work.

"Who has your key?" he asked. "The cashier has it, and the head bookkeeper has another."

"You mean the bookkeeper who sits at the desk at the extreme right in the bookkeepers' department?"

"Yes," replied Dunlap. "What is Mr. Arlaga's name?"

"No. What do you say the gentleman's name is?" The reporter called upon him, prepared to make a note of it.

"A name something over 5 years of age, quite rare, with a fringe of gray hair; wears a heavy mustache and a whisker; and had on yesterday afternoon, when you last saw him, a paper and suit business suit," said Sturgis, writing down the name in his notebook.

Dunlap stared at the reporter in amazement. Sturgis smiled slightly.

"I met the gentleman yesterday afternoon," he explained.

"Oh, that accounts for it!" exclaimed the banker. "I see—but but, then, how comes it that you did not know his name?"

"He did not tell me his name," said Sturgis, gravely, "and I did not know until just now that he was employed in the Knickerbocker bank. How long has he been with you?"

"Nearly 20 years; but only for the last five years as head bookkeeper."

"I suppose you have every confidence in his honesty?" asked the reporter, looking critically at the diagram before him.

"Of course. Such a position is not given to a man unless his record is excellent."

"And yet," observed the reporter, reflectively, "opportunity sometimes makes the thief."

"True, but the duty of a bank president is to remove such opportunities to a minimum," said Dunlap, somewhat pompously.

"Quite so," assented Sturgis, "and this you accomplish by—"

"By having the books examined periodically," answered the banker, rubbing his hands together with calm satisfaction.

"I see," said the reporter, who had now finished his sketch. "Do the employees of the bank know what an examination of this kind is to be made?"

"They do not even know that such examinations are made. No one but the accountant and myself are in the secret; for the overhauling of the books is done entirely at night, after the bank is closed."

A silence of several minutes followed during which the reporter thoughtfully inspected his collection of mementoes and mementoes upon the desk.

"Presently the reporter spoke again: 'Do you know a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes?'"

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?"

"No; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how on earth do you know—?"

"He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

"No; I mean he was here yesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.

"I thought so much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here, for all that."

The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2—that is to say, to-morrow—a new system of book-keeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in the books?"

"Yes; it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift of your questions."

"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"

"Yes; one of the first things I did, after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?"

"Perfectly," said the banker, triumphantly.

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."

"It contains nothing but the books, which of course could have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"

"Why, no; I—"

"If you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I supposed, of course, you know the combination of that as well as that of the cash safe?"

"Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new combination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeepers' safe?"

"I see no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request, but he rose and proceeded to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed him a moment later.

(To Be Continued.)

**A DANGEROUS MOMENT.**

The Nervous-Shaking Criminal Which (here) confronted a Noted Hitman.

One need not be a soldier to stand in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the men of war. In his retrospect of "The Lights and Shadows of a Long Life," Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him.

The bishop was about to preach at one of the cathedrals, when the rector of a nearby church, whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study, he went forward, as if to set with the others.

"On reaching the chancel, however," says the bishop, "he stopped, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days."

"At the chancel steps I made a leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation: 'Will some one take charge of this man? He is insane!'"

"It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was let out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the clergymen were loaded, making it a miracle that no tragedy had occurred."

**Unrewarded Obedience.**

"Why were you discharged from your last position?"

"It was this way. The governor said it was time to take stock, and I took all I could. Then we went back on me and threatened to have me locked up for stealing; so I left."—Tit-Bits.

**Making It Easy.**

"You have saved my estate," said the client, gratefully. "Now, what can I do to recompense you?"

"Well, I will make it easy for you," replied the lawyer. "You can pay me in installments. I am willing to take the estate as the first installment."—Town Topics.

**Well Qualified.**

Dobbs—Did you see about that bag of man who claims to have discovered a sure cure for influenza?

Bolton—He ought to know how to check the grip. Baltimore American.

**Boastful Institution.**

"That's imitation coffee you're drinking. Never guessed it, did you?"

"No, I thought it was tea."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Sacred Only In Name.**

"What's a sacred concert, pa?"

"A variety show that is allowable only on Sundays."—Town Topics.



The tripping feet—the sparkling eye—the graceful movement—be-longing alone to the budding maiden.

These graces are the right—aye duty of every woman until the hair whitens—and regal dignity replaces them.

The mother who guards her strength has so much more to devote to the care and education of her dear ones. She should be a comfort—a cheer—always.

Yet how many feel that they have the strength to properly balance the home? The world is listless, weary and morbid. Its blood moves sluggishly and is full of impurities. It needs a kindling, invigorating tonic to set it afire—it needs Peruna.

## THE ONE MEDICINE

In the world which women may rely upon positively. Peruna is good for everyone, but particularly for women. The various weaknesses which afflict their delicate organism spring from inflammation or catarrh of the mucous lining and Peruna is a specific for catarrh in any organ of the body. Any congestion of a mucous membrane simply means catarrh of the organ affected. This is why Peruna cures all sorts of troubles when other remedies fail. If there is a catarrh of the mucous membrane with you anywhere, Peruna will cure you.

**WE ARE THE LARGEST MAKERS** of Men's and Women's Shoes in the world. We sell more \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other shoe manufacturer in the U. S. The reason more W. L. Douglas shoes are sold than any other make is because they are the best in the world.

**A \$4.00 Shoe for \$3.00.**  
**A \$5.00 Shoe for \$3.50.**  
Over 1,000,000 Pairs.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 to \$5.00 SHOES**

The Real Worth of Our \$3 and \$3.50 Shoes compared with other makes is \$4 to \$5. Having the latest styles and showing best results in the world, and a perfect fit, we are the only manufacturer who can give you a better shoe for the money than any other. You can't get a better shoe for the money than a W. L. Douglas shoe. You can't get a better shoe for the money than a W. L. Douglas shoe. You can't get a better shoe for the money than a W. L. Douglas shoe.

Chicago, Ill.

## NEBRASKA THE LAND OF PLENTY

I wonder why it is that so many men spend their days working hard on rented farms, hardly making enough to get along, with no great prospect ahead of owning their own homes, when within a few hours' journey is a land of plenty—Nebraska—where all kinds of grain and fruit can be raised with the least amount of labor; where cattle and hogs fed on corn bring a handsome profit; where the climate is healthful and churches and schools abound; where land is cheap and can be bought on very easy terms.

Think of this, and if you want information about the country send to me for "The Corn Belt," a beautifully illustrated monthly paper that tells all about Nebraska, and also for "The West Nebraska Grazing Country," an interesting illustrated booklet containing a large sectional map of Nebraska.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month during the balance of this year cheap excursion tickets will be sold over our road to Nebraska, so that people may go and see for themselves. Ask your ticket agent about this.

P. S. EUSTIS,  
Gen'l Pass & Ticket Agent,  
CHICAGO, ILL.



# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HEREA. KEN LUCKY

Brain workers, according to statistics which have been published recently, are long lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women of the present century were taken, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty-eight years and eight months.

A beggar's league in St. Petersburg mutilates children and cripples them to arouse sympathy from the benevolent when they are sent to beg in public places. The chief of this gang, who is a wealthy man and has posed as a philanthropist, receives 75 per cent. of the money begged by the misfortunates.

Each of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire is ruled by a governor or governor general, who is responsible to the emperor for the entire administration, political, judicial, military and fiscal. Each province is subdivided into departments ruled by prefects, and each department into districts, each with a distinct ruler.

Gen. Collinson has calculated that on 50,000 tons of shipping, 20,000 men, 5,000 horses and 700 wagons can be transported, while Lord Wolsey reckons on 150,000 tons being necessary for the transport of 100,000 men. Admiral Morin, however, estimates that 40,000 tons of shipping will be needed for a division of 9,000 men, 800 horses and 150 wagons.

The pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but his pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, which is believed to come from the wing of a dove, although persons who have seen it say it must have come from a larger bird. The same quill has been in use more than 40 years. It only serves for important signatures and is kept in an ivory case.

Lightning on the Fourth of July destroyed a barn in Frederick Township, near Pottsville, Pa., that was built in 1740, and has been famous in local history since the Revolution. The farm on which it was then located was owned by Col. Frederick Antes, and Gen. Washington, with his bodyguard, had his headquarters there during the encampment at Pottsgrove.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 123 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

According to the latest studies of Prof. De Sanctis, of Turin, children begin to dream before their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams before the age of 5. This age, he concludes, is that at which a child first becomes instinctively conscious of self. Aged people dream less frequently and less vividly than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid and better remembered than those of men.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to itself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354, will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called a "Veterinary History Sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.

A German scientist with all kinds of knobs on his head has discovered that yawning is a healthy pastime. It is wholesome, like oatmeal and brown bread. Yawning, it is said, stretches the muscles of the brain, sends the blood to the jaws and sharpens the appetite and intellect. It is a cheap remedy, accessible to young and old, rich and poor, and if it is as efficacious as our Tanton says, path is surely within the reach of everyone in this country.

The medical work of the missions has been a great and admitted boon to the Chinese, who have accepted it gratefully. In 1890 there were no fewer than 105 hospitals, largely staffed by medical women, and their attendance in that year actually 348,439 Chinese patients, both giving medical treatment and performing the operations that restore ease to the tortured, give sight to the blind and open new life to the dying. So highly was this secular work appreciated that many wealthy Chinese had made large donations.

The most lonely highlands of our National territory are the sparsely wooded Sierras of Western New Mexico. The climb of the wood enters as celices through the steepest gorges of the European Alps and Southern Apennines, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marian is the only inhabitant of these solitudes, and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare.

## WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;  
We two find joy in any kind of weather;  
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,  
It matters little, for we make our world,  
Or weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare,  
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;  
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,  
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.  
For us life always moves with lifting measure.

We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure;  
We two find youth renewed with every dawn;  
Each day holds something of an unknown glory,  
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;  
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,  
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.

We two, we two, we find the paths of glory;  
We two make Heaven here on this little earth;  
We do not need to wait for realms eternal,  
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,  
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.  
Our paths lead closely by the paths eternal.

We two, we two, we live in love eternal—  
Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 19 Century.

## THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EUGENE MORETTE.  
Copyright, 1909, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE KICKERBOCKER BANK  
Richard Dunlap was a man who had never missed a train nor been late in keeping an appointment. On the morning following Sprague's dinner party, he walked briskly down Broadway from City Hall. It was New Year's day; the great thoroughfare was deserted. As he turned into Wall street, the hands of the clock in Trinity steeple pointed to three minutes of nine. The financier pulled out his chronometer, found that the clock in the old belfry was right, and quickened his pace.

Wall street slumbered peacefully and silently like a battlefield after the roar of the cannon has been hushed, after the victors and the vanquished have disappeared, leaving behind them only the ghosts of the slain. The deathlike stillness was oppressive.

At last, as Dunlap reached the Kickerbocker bank, the clock in the belfry struck the hour. The reporter was not there. The banker uttered no ejaculation of annoyance. He looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. He resolved to give Sturgis five minutes' grace, and began to pace back and forth before the entrance to the bank. Then a thought struck him. There was another entrance on Exchange place, that generally used by the employees and others. Perhaps the reporter was waiting there. Dunlap walked around to Exchange place and glanced up the street. He saw a man standing in the gutter and bending low over the curb. Dunlap advanced to obtain a front view of him and recognized Sturgis. The reporter had not noticed his approach; he held a magnifying glass in his hand and seemed deeply interested in a minute examination of the smooth-worn curb.

"Good morning, Mr. Sturgis," said the banker, "have you lost something?"

The reporter looked up quietly.

"No, Mr. Dunlap; I have found something—something which may possibly prove to be a hyphen."

"A what?" asked the banker, perplexed.

"A hyphen connecting two parts of a very pretty puzzle."

Dunlap stared curiously at the curb. "I can see nothing there," said he.

Sturgis handed him the magnifying glass.

"Now look again."

He pointed out a particular portion of the curb. Dunlap looked in the direction indicated.

"I see what looks like dried mud, dust particles, and a little dark spot or stain."

"Yes," said Sturgis, "that dark spot is the hyphen. There were probably others like it on the sidewalk yesterday afternoon, but they have been obliterated by the pedestrians. Here, however, are some that have remained."

As he spoke, he led Dunlap to the Exchange place entrance of the bank, and pointed out a number of similar spots on the stone steps.

"Fortunately," he said, as if speaking to himself, "fortunately the detectives entered through the front door last night so that they did not interfere with this portion of the trail."

"But what are these spots?" asked the banker.

"They are blood-stains," replied the reporter. "I have every reason to believe them to be human blood. But that question I can settle positively as soon as we are in the bank, for I have brought a powerful microscope. Let us enter now, if you like; I have seen all there is to be seen outside. By the way, do you know this key?"

He handed it to the reporter, who examined it attentively.

"Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking for."

"What do you mean?" asked Dunlap. "I mean that this is the revolver which was fired twice last night in the Kickerbocker bank. See for yourself; two of the cartridges are empty, and the weapon has not been cleaned since these shots were fired."

"But who can have fired the pistol, and at whom was it fired, and why?"

"Hold on! hold on!" exclaimed Sturgis, smiling; "one thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon. For the present, if you will come back to your private office, I shall endeavor to piece together the scraps of evidence which I have been able to collect. There, sit down in your own armchair, if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than ten minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

Dunlap was still nervous and impatient; but all trace of amusement and skepticism had vanished from his face, as he took the proffered armchair and watched Sturgis patiently piece together the tiny fragments of paper he had so carefully gathered. When this work was accomplished, the reporter went to the typewriter and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. He next proceeded to examine under the microscope the minute fragments and particles which he had collected in his search.

When he had finished this operation, he leaned back in his chair and looked up into space for what seemed to Dunlap an interminable length of time. Then at last he glanced at the banker, who could hardly contain his growing impatience.

"I am ready to go on now," said Sturgis, reaching for a sheet of paper, upon which he began to draw with ruler and pencil.

"At last!" sighed the banker. "Yes; but my first, as the charades say, is a question."

"Another?" gasped Dunlap; "when is my turn to come?"

"Just a few more," replied Sturgis; "and then your turn will come for good."

"Well, out with your questions then, if you must," said Dunlap, seating himself resignedly in his chair.

### CHAPTER X.

PACING THE EVIDENCE  
Sturgis was still busy with his diagram. He was working as fast as he could, and was not aware of the fact that Dunlap was looking at him with a keen interest.

"What is it, Mr. Dunlap? I have a key to the diagram in which this revolver is kept."

"The cashier has one and the head bookkeeper has another."

"You mean the bookkeeper who sits at the desk at the extreme right in the bookkeepers' department?"

"Yes," said Dunlap; "that is Mr. Arrogant's desk. Do you know him?"

"No. What did you say the gentleman's name is?" The reporter looked up and began to make a note of it.

"Did a W. Arrogant."

"A man something over 50 years of age, quite bald, with a fringe of gray hair; wears a heavy mustache and side whiskers, and had on yesterday afternoon, when you last saw him, a pepper and salt business suit," said Sturgis, writing down the name in his notebook.

Dunlap stared at the reporter in amazement. Sturgis smiled slightly.

"I met the gentleman yesterday afternoon," he explained.

"Oh, that accounts for it!" exclaimed the banker. "I see! But then, how comes it that you did not know his name?"

"He did not tell me his name," said Sturgis, gravely, "and I did not know until just now that he was employed in the Kickerbocker bank. How long has he been with you?"

"Nearly 20 years; but only for the last five years as head bookkeeper."

"I suppose you have every confidence in his honesty?" asked the reporter, looking critically at the diagram before him.

"Of course. Such a position is not given to a man unless his record is excellent."

"And yet," observed the reporter, reflectively, "opportunity sometimes makes the thief."

"True, but the duty of a bank president is to remove such opportunities from a man," said Dunlap, somewhat pompously.

"Quite so," assented Sturgis, "and this you accomplish by—"

"By having the books examined periodically," answered the banker, rubbing his hands together with calm satisfaction.

"I see," said the reporter, who had now finished his sketch. "Do the employees of the bank know when an examination of this kind is to be made?"

"They do not even know that such examinations are made. No one but the accountant and myself are in the secret; for the overhauling of the books is done entirely at night, after the bank is closed."

"Have the books been recently examined?" asked Sturgis, earnestly.

"Yes; only last week."

"Well?"

"They were found to be all right, as usual."

"May I ask by whom?"

"By Murray & Scott, the expert accountants."

"Was the examination conducted by Mr. Murray or by Mr. Scott?"

"By neither. For many years the work was done by one or the other of the members of the firm; but since their business has grown to its present proportions, Messrs. Murray and Scott are no longer able to give personal attention to their customers. For the last two years they have sent as a trusted employee, Mr. Chatham—Thomas Chatham."

"Yes," said Sturgis, who was apparently wool-gathering.

A silence of several minutes followed during which the reporter thoughtfully inspected his collection of mere scraps and ends, while Dunlap beat the devil's tattoo upon the desk.

Presently the reporter spoke again: "Do you know a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes?"

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?"

"No; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how on earth do you know—?"

"He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

"No; I mean he was here yesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.

"I thought as much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here, for all that."

The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2—that is to say, to-morrow—a new system of book-keeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in the books?"

"Yes; it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift of your questions."

"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"

"Yes; one of the first things I did, after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?"

"Perfectly," said the banker, triumphantly.

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."

"It contains nothing but the books, which of course would have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"

"Why, no; I—"

"If you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I suppose, of course, you know the combination of that as well as that of the cash safe?"

"Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new combination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeepers' safe?"

"I have no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request, but he rose and accompanied him to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed him a short distance.

IT IS A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

The Nervous-Shaking Ordeal Which Once Confronted a Noted Bishop.

One need not be a soldier to stand in good stead of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected by the rank of war.

In his retrospective of "The Lords and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him.

The bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there entered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overwork study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

"In reading the chance, however," says the bishop, "he stopped, and taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the channel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days."

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P. S. EUSTIS,  
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CHICAGO, ILL.



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